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UNION OF CHURCHES.

[An Essay read to the Ministerial Union, by JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. Printed by request.]

THE four ways in which churches may be united are these: —

1. There may be a union through *worship;* and the method of this union is a LITURGY.

2. There may be a union through *belief;* and the method of this is a CREED.

3. There may be a union through feeling; and the method here is a revival, prayer-meetings, &c.

4. There may be a union through *work;* and the method remains to be discovered.

The first three methods of union have all been tried, and have all been found defective.

The *Roman-Catholic* Church tried the first, and the *Church of England* has tried it too. It is true that the creed has also entered into both unions, but in a very subordinate and secondary way. The Roman Church might not have persecuted heretics if they had not been

also and chiefly *schismatics;* and, as regards the Church of England, it has now been decided by the highest authority, that the ministers who will read the liturgy may hold to almost any doctrines which they choose.

The objections to this method of union are, that it is inadequate, resolving Christianity into worship, and leaving out life and thought; that it tends to formalism; that it interferes with progress; and that for us it is impossible, inasmuch as the habits, prejudices, and traditions of our churches make liturgies an abomination to them. This method also belongs to the past, and has already lost its vitality. Still, there is no objection, but the contrary, to adopting liturgies, so far as they can be used; but we must beware of leaning on them, or seeming to make them very important.

The second mode of union is by *creeds.* This has been so thoroughly tried by Protestant churches, that it is not necessary to say any thing further on this point. Whatever else we try, we shall *never* try to unite on a creed.

The third method of *union* is *emotional.* Every once in a while, men attempt to bring all the community into one church by means of a revival. But though warmth runs people together, and sympathy makes them feel at one, it does not *hold* them together. The moment the emotion passes, people begin to think, and to ask what they shall believe and do. It is only a temporary union which can be obtained by the revival system, as has been abundantly proved in the past.

There therefore remains only the last method of union to be considered; which is of *work.* This has never yet been tried, except occasionally, in the Christian Church. We are in the exact position to try it. I believe it would be effectual, and open to us a new future, if we should take it up.

But, in order to union, there must be something to unite. If the churches themselves are not at work, you cannot have a union of working churches. We must, therefore, begin by forming working unions in each particular church. At the same time, great motive and encouragement would be derived in every local church union, if those engaged in it were aware that they had the sympathy, and might have the aid, of other unions around them, and of a general union of all churches.

My plan, then, would be something like this: —

1. Let us, if we choose, make use of the organization already existing in this city, called "The Young Men's Christian Union." Drop from the title the first part, — "young men;" for we do not wish to confine our unions to the young, nor yet to the male sex. Form, in every church that will, a *Christian Union*, to be composed of men and women, old and young, who are willing to unite in it. Let the objects of the union be twofold, — *use and progress.* Ask all the members of the society to join it who are willing to unite with others: first, to do good; second, to get good, — viz., to improve themselves, and to benefit others.

2. Let this "Christian Union" be regularly organized, like any other association, with president, vice-presidents, secretaries, treasurers, committees. In every thing, let women be on an equality with men. Put women on the committees; let them vote on every subject, without any distinction: for this Union is to be a Christian family inside the society, and is to derive a large part of its force from placing women and the young where they can have an opportunity of usefulness, and an outlet for their activity.

3. Let the constitution of the Union fix some method for obtaining funds for the objects of the Union. The contribution might be equalized according to *ability and*

disposition, as it was in the Christian Church at first; each person deciding for himself how much he ought to give monthly to the funds, as his fair proportion.

Let the constitution also fix times for the regular meetings of the Union, at which all members are to attend, or pay a fine for non-attendance.

The constitution should also decide on the mode of admission of members, and how persons should cease to be members, &c.

4. The society, being thus organized, should proceed to do its work in the two directions indicated. First, in every city and town, it would find immediately the poor to be taken care of, children to be put to school, the vicious to be reformed, the tempted to be saved from falling. At every meeting, such necessary work as this should be discussed, committees appointed or volunteer to do it, and reports of what had been done be made. In order that these reports should be free and full, every meeting of this sort should be strictly private, and confined to the members; and all that passed in it be strictly confidential.

Then, for the other objects of the Union, — *personal improvement*, — there might be meetings for general conversation; for music; for recreation in various ways; for mutual study in history, languages, &c.; and for prayer and conference. These meetings might, or might not, be open to others.

5. As soon as two or three Unions of this sort were established in different churches, delegates might meet from each, and form a "*Conference*," or "*General Superintending Committee*," or "*Central Christian Union*." Such a body, having its location in the city, would probably be enabled to obtain, after a while, a permanent location; having a building, with halls, libraries, &c., for the use of all the *local unions*. In that case, whenever the members of

any local union came to the city, to visit or to remain, they would have a place to which they could go. There might be a reading-room, with accommodations for writing, &c., for ladies as well as gentlemen; and, by degrees (for no one can foresee the issue or direction of any genuine movement), some large and radiating influence for Christian good might be thus organized.

There are two principal objections to such a plan, as to all new plans; and these objections I now proceed to consider: —

1. It is not desirable.
2. It is not practicable.

Such a Union, it may be said, is not desirable, because the work proposed to be done may be better done by separate societies instituted for each particular object. One society, composed of members of all churches, to look after the poor, is better than half a dozen societies in half a dozen churches. So one temperance society, one anti-slavery society, one society for the help of vicious women desiring to reform themselves, is better than to have every church attend to every thing. The principle of division of labor simplifies every thing, and works better in practice than any other.

Many arguments may be used of this sort, and no doubt having great weight. But I reply, first, that it is not our intention to interfere with these existing institutions; and those who belong to our Christian Unions would not be likely to do less, but rather more, in these others. Second, every thinking person must have noticed, that the principle of *division of labor*, while having great practical advantages, tends to kill out the heart, the life, the spirit, and to result in a dead mechanism. Who has not seen how, on all boards, committees, societies, &c., thus consti-

tuted, men seem at once to lose their souls, and to become mere formalists? This is the result of the principle of analysis carried too far. In a meeting of bank-directors, each person presents only the part of himself which considers the interests of the bank: that is all of him which comes to the meeting. His soul, his religion, his imagination, his heart, stay away. To an antislavery meeting, nothing comes but hatred of slavery, and dislike of pro-slavery people. The rest of the man is left locked up at home. To a meeting of the Provident Society, we take our judgment of what is on the whole good for putting down pauperism; but we leave outside of the door our sympathy with individual sufferers. This is why corporations have been justly said to have no souls. They *cannot* have souls, when formed on this analytical principle, — each one to do one particular thing, and nothing else. The only corporation that can have a soul is one made on the model of the Christian Church, where love for man is vitalized by love to God; where those who unite do not cease to be men and women, brothers and sisters, because they meet to do a work; when, by doing *many* things together, they become related in sympathy on *many* sides of their nature; and so, as at first, instead of being "a corporation without a soul," the "multitude which believe are of one heart and one soul."

But a church which unites, as most of our churches do, on the one principle of *worship*, is really as much killed at heart by this principle of division of labor as if it were a temperance society or an insurance board. Meeting in this way for *only one thing*, though that thing be worship, it inevitably falls into a cold and hard routine of mechanism. A church which only worships, can be no more alive than a society which only takes care of the poor. So a

church, which meets *only* to take the Lord's Supper, does not discern the Lord's body, which is the true church or brotherhood. They sit side by side. They come together in one place; but *this* is not to eat the Lord's Supper. They do not know each other; and how *can* they know each other, meeting only for this one end?

No. What is most desirable now for the Christian Church, as well as for Christian life, is to have this lifeless monotony changed into a vital activity; all-sided; taking in all sorts of persons and characters; providing something attractive for the young; giving each one something to do suitable to his taste, character, habit; giving strong practical men, with little religious *sentiment* in their soul, practical Christian work, by which they can feel themselves as really Christians as if they had what is technically called piety. This would be the true Church, though not so called, — though only called a "Christian Union;" the true body of Christ, "compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part; and so making increase of the body, to the building of itself up in love, and growing up in all things into its head, which is Christ."

But it may be asked, Why not make the Christian Church itself such a body? Why add to it this excrescence of a Christian Union outside of it? I reply, if I may be permitted here to refer to my own experience, that what I have been trying to do has been just this, — to build up a Christian Church which *should* itself do all these things; which should not only worship together, not only take the Lord's Supper together, but meet regularly for work, for discussion, for social intercourse. And, to a certain extent, this effect has been successful. In the Church of the Disciples, there is, no doubt, a family feeling, a mutual

knowledge and intimacy, a sense of brotherhood and sisterhood, which has come from our meeting together in so many ways and for so many purposes. My plan has been, not to destroy, but to fulfil, all the old and traditional church methods. We unite, therefore, as members of a Church of Christ, with a profession of faith in him; and we all partake of the Lord's Supper together. But I confess, I have found it very difficult to induce persons to join what is technically called *a church*, on account of their old associations with that word. Those who would readily join a Christian Union will not join a church, though the two might be exactly the same thing for all practical purposes. I have therefore thought sometimes, that I might have done better if I had *not* called our Union a Church, but called it by some other name.

As regards the second objection, that it is not practicable to form such local Unions and such a general Union of our churches, I can merely reply, that we cannot tell till we try. It seems to me to be the one thing needful to us now to try *some such* method. This, no doubt, involves work; but what are we here for but to work? It has this element of practicability about it, that it can be begun anywhere, and carried forward from ever so small a beginning. It can begin in *any* church. It is not till these *Unions* are formed, that a larger combined Union need be attempted. And, in any church, it can begin, as the Lord's Church began at first, *with "two or three"* who are really in earnest, and who really wish to have something done. Moreover, these Christian Unions can be formed where there is no Unitarian church. Whenever there are two or three Liberal Christians who will meet together, and work together, such a Union can be established.

I am disposed to believe that such a Union is possible.

I know of one such a Union, under the name of a Church. For twenty-three years now, it has held together and worked together; and, on the whole, it is a useful body, and one well united. From it have proceeded at least three very useful philanthropic institutions, — the temporary Home for Little Children, in Kneeland Street; the Home for Aged Colored Women, in Southac Street; and the Children's Aid Society, which looks after little children in jail. It has about two hundred active members, old and young, men and women, most of whom feel it their business to take hold of any kind of church-work.

Other churches, in like manner, approximate, more or less, to this style of Union which I have been describing. The question is, Shall we continue to try to make an active body out of the church which we have, or add to it a wholly new kind of organization? The objection to the first method is, the difficulty of putting new wine into old bottles: the objection to the last is, the inexpediency of multiplying machinery which we are not able to run for want of adequate motive-power.

Perhaps it is best that both ways be tried. The Roman-Catholic Church, however, though so elaborate an organization, does not scruple to accept new orders and fraternities from time to time for special purposes. It puts its new wine into new bottles. New confraternities have been established in our days for particular objects, some of which have become already very efficient.

Our great foe is Individualism, born of Protestant Freedom. The social and corporate element in our religious system is very weak. Perhaps this tendency is unconquerable; perhaps we must be always anchorites, never cenobites.

THE SPIRIT OF TOLERATION IN A CATHOLIC COUNTRY.

If the people of any realm have been faithful to the creed and ritual of the Roman Church, it is the people of Portugal. All the ancient fervor is witnessed in their devotion to saints' days and ceremonies; and, so far as they know, they are heartily persuaded of the truth of the Tridentine dogmas. But wolves even here have come among the sheep; and it has become necessary for the watchmen of the Church to sound the alarm, and warn the faithful. In a recent number of "*O Fayaleuse*," a weekly journal published in the town of Horta, on the Island of Fayal, is a remarkable pastoral letter, which sets before the Catholic world of the Portuguese islands the danger and the remedy, in view of the amazing efforts of Protestant propagandism. "Don Antonio Alves Martius, by the mercy of God and of the Holy Apostolic See, Bishop of Vizeu," avers and declares, in an elaborate manifesto, that a grand confederacy, of which the centres are London and New York, is aiming to pervert the whole world, from North to South, from East to West, by its distribution of Bibles, tracts, and newspapers. The sins of indifference in religion and of ingratitude for religious privileges are thus receiving this chastisement of the "propagandist tempest." The "unscrupulous and astute emissaries" of the Protestant faith are indefatigable in sowing tares in the Catholic field, and inoculating the faithful with the poison of their doctrine. In England alone, there are no less than thirty-two societies, with an annual income of 627,000 pounds sterling, exclusively devoted to missions in all parts of the globe. In New York is a great "workshop" of Bible-making, with six hundred operatives constantly reproducing

the doctrines "of Luther, and his accomplices in heresy," in all its sixty varieties. In taverns, in steamboats, in railway stations, in schools, in barracks, and in all public places, the deeds of this *propaganda* are manifest: sixty-six millions of Bibles have been distributed by them in fifty-eight years! Thirty-three languages are represented in this vast instrumentality of circulating error. The poor Esquimaux under the frosts of the pole, and the Gypsy under his nomad tent, are alike visited by it! The Kanaka in his islands of green in the Pacific Sea, and the Persian in the bosom of ruins of a social state long past, are alike favored with these gifts of Anglo-Saxon Protestantism. Even the *blind* are subjected to this hazard of heterodox doctrine; and, in the year 1861, there were distributed to this unfortunate class no less than 721,878 books printed in relief! Paris, too, is an accomplice, and has a branch of the propaganda, from which three millions of Bibles have gone out!

In addition to this grievance of the Bible Societies, there is the annoyance of the Tract Societies, sending out their innumerable "flying leaves" on the four winds of heaven. In one year, 1,880,000 tracts, 129,167 "little books of piety," and 2,758,000 copies of religious journals, have been dispersed through the world. A dreadful spectacle truly! The good bishop may well be appalled at such prodigious enginery of heresy, — this "formidable insurrection against the Catholic Church, in which is professed the truth as it is in Christ Jesus." He does not know how much the heresy is doing in Spain and Portugal, but supposes that it is working in those countries on the same scale as in other parts of the world.

What shall be done in the presence of this enormous danger? Shall the guardians of the flock cross their arms, and allow the sheep to wander away after these false

teachers? Shall those who are set to maintain the faith and to guard the believers hesitate to do battle with the enemies of the Catholic camp, and to uphold the Lord's cause? What arms shall the Church and its ministers use against these haters of the Divine Master?

In another age, the answer would be ready enough. Three centuries ago, a Portuguese bishop would have had no trouble in deciding the case of heretics of this kind; but now, as Don Antonio plaintively confesses, physical punishment cannot be used, the secular arm cannot be called in, and the sword can no longer be employed to exterminate this kind of offenders against the laws. The blessed time has gone by when the unbelievers may be forcibly converted. The Divine Master now enjoins milder measures, — to pray for the Gentiles, and not to compel them to receive his doctrine. The warfare must now be a warfare of amicable controversy, in which only the truth shall have its way, and tract shall be set against tract, speech against speech, and example against example. It must be a "loyal combat" which they hold with their enemies. Don Antonio does not counsel any interference with the liberty of speech or of the press. He rather advises the faithful to welcome this as the sure means of triumph to their cause. Let them urge their own doctrine with a zeal equal to the zeal of their Protestant enemies, and there can be no doubt of the result. "Truth," says this Catholic bishop, "always conquers error, whatever the means that error uses to maintain its cause."

The injunction of the bishop, then, to his clergy, and to his parish priests especially, is to make themselves better acquainted with the substance of the Catholic doctrine; that they consider the necessity of furnishing their minds with the means of "pulverizing" the Protestant sophisms; that they conform their lives and actions more to the pre-

cepts of gospel morality, commending so the Catholic faith by its fruits, and forestalling the cavils of those who deny the sacred word. The Catholic religion, as he views it, is peaceful, and ought never to excite hatred to its adversaries. It makes war against error, but not against *the men who err*. Catholics who indulge in "imprecations" against the men who do not think as they think, are untrue, says the bishop, to the spirit of their holy faith. They must not be drawn aside from their spirit of charity by any passing wrath. They must depend mainly on the superior attraction of their faith, as shown in its fruits of godly living and brotherly love. Greater crises than this have come; and all the Bible and Tract Societies cannot destroy what the Lord has blessed, if Catholics are faithful to their privilege.

It is quite remarkable and refreshing to hear a Catholic bishop of the nineteenth century counsel the clergy and people of his charge (even while expressing his sense of the danger of heresy) to keep the principles of charity and toleration. It is a sign of the times when a Catholic bishop denounces all resort to the secular arm, as unsuited to the spirit of the age, if not absolutely contrary to the spirit of Christ. There is no doubt that his fear of Protestant intrusion among the Portuguese faithful is well founded. The intimate alliance of the royal family with the English ruling house gives a great advantage to the emissaries of the heresy. It remains to be seen if such "pastorals" will not rather increase than ward off the danger of spiritual lapses. It would be a strange retribution if the nation once so eminent in the work of persecution, which has such notoriety in its harsh dealing with Jews, Turks, heretics, and infidels generally, should be the first nation to adopt, in the new century of reform, the creed of the men whom it oppressed and cast out. This pastoral

shows that it has already adopted what was best in their movement, — their idea of practical religion as better than soundness of creed.

TENDER, TRUSTY, AND TRUE.

A Sermon to the Children of Unity Church, by ROBERT COLLYER, Pastor to the Church.

Ps. xxxiv. 11-17: "Come, children, listen to me, and I will teach you how to serve the Lord. Never say bad words, nor what is not true. Go right away from what is bad; do good; try your best to be gentle and kind. Then the Lord will hear you when you cry to him in your trouble, and help you every time."

THIS sermon, as I said last Sunday, is all for the children, and not for the men and women: so I have tried to put the text into easy words, so that children may know what it means as soon as I read it. And I should like to make my sermon as plain as my text; then children will know what my sermon means too. Sermons are divided into three parts. I am not quite sure whether a sermon can be a sermon, if it is not in three parts. At any rate, it is very useful to make three parts; for then you can guess how much more the preacher will say: and little Hattie Collyer told me one day, she was so glad when I said thirdly; for she knew then I should soon be done. Now, my three parts will be three all in one to-day; and every one will begin with the same letter. First, tender; second, trusty; and third, true. And I want in the sermon to say what will help you to be tender, trusty, and true. And I am very glad that I have found such a nice good text to preach from: it is just what I wanted; and I hope you will take care not to forget the text. When I was a boy, I had a Bible I could carry to church in my pocket: then when the man

said, "You will find my text in such a place," as I say to-day, I used to find the place, to put a mark in it, and then to read all about it when I went home. I wish this was done by the children in this school. I can tell you, children, it is a real good thing to do; for it will help you to know ever so much more than you do know about the best book that ever was printed, or it may be that ever will be printed as long as the world stands. Well, now, if you read the text when you get home, and the psalm too, you will find that King David wanted to tell young folks what I want to tell you; that is, first, how to be good; and then what is the use of being good. And he does not say, "I think so," or "It may be so," but it *is* so. As if he had said, "Now, children, you just trust me. I was once a child like you. I am now a man and a king. I can see away back to the time when I was a little boy, and begged honey from my mother, and cried when I didn't get it. I can tell just what was good for me, and what was bad; where I came out right, because I began right; and where I came out wrong, because I began wrong; and I want to tell you, so you may know what to do. Come, children, listen to me."

I can remember when I was in the Sunday school, and had just begun to read about David, that I did not feel sure he ever was a real baby, and had to be fed with a tea-spoon; or that he ever was a real little boy that went to school as I did, and played marbles, and had to knuckle down, and had a peg-top, a jack-knife, some slate pencil, ever so many buttons, and a piece of string, all in one pocket; that he ever had to try hard not to cry when he went to school very cold mornings; or that the teacher spoke sharp to him when the little chap had tried his best to get his lesson, and did not get it very well. But you know ministers have got to find out all about such men as David;

and I have found out enough to make me feel sure he was once a little boy, just like one of you; and had to get verses, like you; and didn't like it, like you: that he did not like to go to bed soon, like you; or to get up soon, like you. I rather fear, that, in the summer, he ate green apples, unripe melons, hard peaches, and sour plums, as you do; and got sick, and was very sorry, and had to take medicine, as you do; and said he would never do it again: and then I believe he never did do it again, after he promised not to; which I hope is like you also. Now, just here I was trying to see what sort of boy David was when he grew bigger; and as I shut my eyes, and so tried to see it all clear, I heard a noise right under my study-window. This was about four o'clock, Friday afternoon: the schools were out, and the children running home. I turned my head to see what was the matter, and then I saw what I want to tell you. About ten boys were standing together. All at once, a big boy knocked a little boy down, and rolled him in the snow. The little boy got up again, and said, "What did you do that for?" Then the big one held off, as if he was going to do it again; and I believe he would have done it as bad as before, but the small boy walked sobbing away toward home.

"There," I said, when I had seen that, "I know what David never did do, — he never struck a boy that was no match for him; he never was a coward like that: for he is a coward, to strike a small boy so; and those others are not the boys they ought to be, to stand by, and see it done." I saw such a thing in a picture once: it was called the Wolf and the Lamb. A great cruel boy meets a small delicate lad who has lost his father, and stands over him with his fist doubled, just as I saw that boy stand under my study-window. I think, if any boy in this church was to see that picture, he would instantly say, "What a shame to use a

boy so who is not your match!" And once I read in the life of Dr. Channing, who was one of the best men that ever lived (a great deal better than David, because he lived in a better time), what he did once when he was a boy, and saw a thing like that. Little Channing was the kindest and most tender-hearted boy I almost ever heard of. I will tell you a story how kind he was, and tender and true. One day he found in a bush a nest full of young birds just out of the shell. Children, did you ever see a nest full of birds just out of the shell? — little tiny, downy things, with hardly more feathers than an oyster. These birds were just so when William Channing found them; and when he touched them with his finger, to feel how soft and warm they were, they all began to gape, very much like you do when I preach a very long sermon. Well, little Channing knew the birds did not gape because he preached a long sermon, but because they were hungry: so what did he do but run right away, get some nice soft crumbs, and feed them; and after that, every time school was out, he ran to feed his birds. But one day, when he went to the nest, there it lay on the ground, torn and bloody, and the little things all dead; and the father-bird was crying on the wall, and the mother-bird was crying on a tree. Then little Channing tried to tell them that he did not kill their poor young brood; that he never could do such a mean, cruel thing as that; that he had tried to feed them, and help them along so they might fly. But it was no use: he talked baby-talk to them as you do to your little sister. They could not understand him, but just kept on crying: so then he sat down, and cried too. Now, this was the sort of boy Channing was; and I was going to tell you, that one day he heard of a big boy beating a little one, like that one under my window. Channing was a little boy; he was a little man when he was full-grown: but then he had a

big soul. I was going to say, he had a soul as big as a church; but indeed his soul was bigger than all the churches in the world: and, when he heard of that, he went right to the boy, ever so much larger than he was, and said, "Did you strike that little boy?"—"Yes, I did; and what then?"—"Then," said Channing, "you are a coward, because he was no match for you. And now I am going to lick you for doing it;" which, because he had a big soul, though he was a small boy, he went in, and did handsomely: and that was the only time he ever fought in his life. And I, standing in this pulpit, honor him more for it than if he had never fought at all. Boys, I go in for peace: I like to see you play like good true-hearted little men. Never fight, if you can help it; but never strike a boy who is no match for you, and never stand by quietly while another boy is doing it. Tender and true, boys; tender and true. King David, King Alfred, George Washington, William Channing, Theodore Parker, more great men than I can name, were all that sort; and they came out right because they went in right. Brave as lions, true as steel, with kind hearts for doves and ravens and sparrows, they would never tear birds' nests, or sling stones trying to kill birds; because they felt as Jesus did when he said, "Blessed are the merciful."

To see David when he was a boy, you might think there was not much in him, because he was so tender-hearted; because he would not strike or pinch, or prick with a pin, a boy that was no match for him, or take his jack-knife, or split his top, or spoil his kite. But look out for a tender-hearted lad. I tell you, he can flash and strike too, when the right time comes. Why, just look at this very David! One day, when he had grown big enough to stay with the sheep, there came along a bear, and another day a lion; and each of them seized a lamb, and was making off with it. Now, what do you think that boy under my window

would have done if he had been in David's place? I believe he would have run away, and left his sheep. What did David do? I will tell you. He had a staff, you know, made out of good sound wood, with a crook at one end, and a spike at the other; and both times he made after the wild beast; gave him, I suppose, the hardest knock he knew how to give with the crook, and then fought him with the pike. There was a soldier, living only six miles from our house when I was a boy, who fought a Bengal tiger once in India with nothing but a bayonet, and killed him after a tremendous struggle. I guess David had a hard time with the lion and the bear: but he says the Lord helped him; and I have no doubt he did. I believe the Lord helped little Channing to fight that big bad boy in Rhode Island, because he was on the Lord's side; and you know that the hymn we sing so often after sermon says, —

"He always wins who sides with God:
To him no chance is lost."

Which is just as true as gospel.

Well, then, there is another thing I want to say. These men I mentioned were not only good and kind, and true as steel, but, when they said a thing, you might be as sure it was true as if you had seen it twenty times over. I rather think David did sometimes get into mischief. I suppose he spilled the milk once; but I am sure, if he did, he did not blame the cat. I guess he tore his jacket rambling after olives; but, if he did, I know he did not say a big boy tore it as he came home from school. I think he had to take a whipping now and then: if he had, I believe he just stood up, and went through it, like a man. This, children, this being true, is a great thing. If you ask me which is worse, to be cruel to small boys and kittens and birds, or to tell a lie, I really could not tell you. Now I think it is this, and then I think it is that: they are both as bad as bad can be. And now I want to tell you a little

story of how a little boy was all three, — tender and trusty and true; and then I will be through with my sermon.

Away off, I believe, in Edinburgh, two gentlemen were standing at the door of an hotel one very cold day; when a little boy, with a poor, thin, blue face, his feet bare, and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came, and said, "Please, sir, buy some matches." "No: don't want any," the gentleman said. "But they are only a penny a box," the little fellow pleaded. "Yes; but, you see, we do not want a box," the gentleman said again. "Then I will gie ye twa boxes for a penny," the boy said at last. "And so, to get rid of him," the gentleman, who tells the story in an English paper, says, "I bought a box. But then I found I had no change: so I said, 'I will buy a box to-morrow.' — 'Oh! do buy them the nicht, if ye please,' the boy pleaded again. 'I will rin, and get ye the change; for I am verra hungry.' So I gave him the shilling, and he started away; and I waited for him, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling; but still there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think bad of him. Well, late in the evening, a servant came, and said a little boy wanted to see me. When he was brought in, I saw it was a smaller brother of the boy that got my shilling; but, if possible, still more ragged and poor and thin. He stood a moment diving into his rags, as if he was seeking something; and then said, 'Are ye the gentleman that bought the matches frae Sandie?' — 'Yes.' — 'Weel, then, here's fourpence oot o' yer shillin'. Sandie canna come: he's no weel. A cart ran ower him, and knocked him doon, and he lost his bonnet and his matches and your sevenpence; and both his legs are brocken; and he's no well at a', and the doctor says he'll dee. And that's a' he can gie ye the noo,' putting fourpence down on the table; and then the poor child broke down into great sobs. So I fed the little man," the gentleman goes on to say, "and

then I went with him to see Sandie. I found that the two little things lived with a wretched, drunken step-mother: their own father and mother were both dead. I found poor Sandie lying on a bundle of shavings: he knew me as soon as I came in, and said, 'I got the change, sir, and was coming back; and then the horse knocked me doon, and both my legs are brocken. And O Reuby, little Reuby! I am sure I am dee'in! and who will tak care o' ye, Reuby, when I am gane? What will ye do, Reuby?' Then I took the poor little sufferer's hand, and told him I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength to look at me as if he would thank me; then the light went out of his blue eyes; and, in a moment, —

'He lay within the light of God,
Like a babe upon the breast;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.'"

Come, children, listen to me, and I will teach you there is but one way: it is to be tender and trusty and true. Whenever you are tempted to tell what is not true, or to be hard on other little boys or girls, or to take what mother has said you must not take, I want you to remember little Sandie. This poor little man, lying on a bundle of shavings, dying and starving, was tender and trusty and true; and so God told the gentleman to take poor little friendless Reuby, and be a friend to him. And Sandie heard him say he would do it, — just the last thing he ever did hear; and then, before I can tell you, the dark room, the bad step-mother, the bundle of shavings, the weary, broken little limbs, all faded away, and Sandie was among the angels. And I think the angels would take him, and hold him until one came with the sweetest, kindest face you ever saw; and that was Jesus. And he said, "Suffer the little child to come unto me;" and he took him in his arms, and blessed him. And then Sandie's own father and

mother would come, and bear him away to their own home: for in our Father's house are many mansions; and there Sandie lives now. And I think that the angels, who have never known any pain, who never wore rags or sold matches, or were hungry or cold, came to look at Sandie in his new home, and wonder, and say one to another, "That is the little man that kept his word, and sent back fourpence, and was tender and trusty and true, when he was hungry and faint, and both his legs were broken, and he lay a-dying." And Sandie would only find out what a grand good thing he had done when he was right home there in heaven. But I tell you to-day, little children, because, whether it be hard, or whether it be easy, I want you to be as tender and trusty and true as Sandie every time.

THOMAS STARR KING.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE great work laid upon his twoscore years
Is done, and well done. If we drop our tears,
Who loved him as few men were ever loved,
We mourn no blighted hope nor broken plan
With him whose life stands rounded and approved
In the full growth and stature of a man.
Mingle, O bells! along the Western slope,
With your deep toll a sound of faith and hope;
Wave cheerily still, O banner! half-way down,
From thousand-masted bay and steepled town;
Let the strong organ with its loftiest swell
Lift the proud sorrow of the land, and tell
That the brave sower saw his ripened grain.
O East and West! O morn and sunset twain
No more for ever! has he lived in vain,
Who, priest of Freedom, made ye one, and told
Your bridal service from his lips of gold?

STRAY HINTS TO PARISHES.

We do not know from what source Dickens obtained the title of his novel which is styled "Great Expectations;" but we are not without suspicions that it was suggested by the conduct of some religious society in his neighborhood, which was revelling in visions of the superb possibilities of filling its pulpit just made vacant. Before laymen, addicted to prosperity in all their ordinary undertakings, have been taught modesty by disappointment in some of their ecclesiastical enterprises, they are very apt to say with Glendower, that they "can call spirits from the vasty deep;" forgetting that Hotspur retorted, "But will they come when you do call for them?"

"Again:" if parish committees only had the right kind of consciousness, as their ambitious and exacting eyes first scan the long list of ministers, both settled and unsettled, with the fresh hopes which mark the beginnings of a search for candidates, they would not fail to remind themselves of joyous rustics, with their bewildering bill of fare, headed by the charming injunction, "Call for what you want!" Whenever a pulpit of the least prominence (and where can you find one that is not considered by somebody a very important post?) is fairly open to the class so saucily described by Mr. Weiss, we believe, as "itinerant venders of the gospel," parochial vanity speaks above a whisper, to say that it is coveted by the most accomplished scholars and the most famous preachers: therefore the only names that are canvassed are lustrous ones. If the entire truth could be told, we should learn that certain popular pastors, who have no more idea of changing their positions than the feet of the White Hills think of taking pedestrian excursions, or fixed stars of becoming planets,

are the subjects of as many sly *soundings* as the English Channel or any other thoroughfare. In view of the sliding scale of ambition with which parishes ultimately become quite familiar, let us revive Reynard's thrust at the acid fruits of the vine by showing the folly of desiring to illuminate our meeting-houses with the greatest lights of the theological firmament.

In the first place, we might be so cursed with success as to learn that some of the radiance is not genuine, and the rest is of a quality far inferior to that apparently presented to distant and occasional observers. It is a very different thing to have a meteor tamed into periodical shining through a church-lantern, from what it was to see the same luminous body on a single course through the general sky. Washington Irving declined to be introduced to Miss O'Neil, being "unwilling to take the risk of a possible disenchantment." Besides, earthly lights, when considerably elevated, are often mistaken for heavenly ones, as the Pharos of old was frequently thought to be the moon by Mediterranean sailors. And let us not forget that the most exalted human powers cannot perform the supernatural work that we expect to have done at once. The people of Sicily believed, that, if Napoleon triumphed, he would cause Monte Pellegrino to be thrown into the sea. So many a parish imagines that it only requires the presence of a gifted man to bring about the almost instantaneous conversion of a "whole city given to idolatry" of long-established creeds and rituals. This may be done once in a millennium or two, but not oftener.

It has been said of an ancient nation, that "every province, every district, nay, every town and village, abounded with men endowed with the ability and the passion for governing." This is terribly true of American citizens, parishioners, and members of the family-circle. Some one

declared, that "Samuel Adams would have the State of Massachusetts govern the Union, the town of Boston govern Massachusetts, and that he should govern the town of Boston, and then the whole would not be intentionally ill-governed." However lacking in the great patriot's other graces, many parishes have several men in each who were born to be dictators. In fulfilling their destiny, they make certain strife in religious societies. The minister finds himself involved in an irrepressible conflict. As nobody enjoys performing on an inferior violin, even in a church-choir, to paraphrase another truism, the stanchest Unionists in political matters become secessionists in theological affairs; and so the once unbroken ecclesiastical loaf is cut into very thin slices.

We do not need to be informed that these divisions are laid at the doors of honest differences of opinion, and freedom to worship God after the dictates of one's own conscience; and sometimes it is so, but not always, — very far from always indeed. We might as well be told that Henry the Eighth sought only a purer faith and a simpler ritual when he broke off from the Church of Rome. Not piety, but pride of the most carnal fashion, is chiefly responsible for the needless multiplication of thinly attended religious services. We shall grow more and more centrifugal, unless we see the folly of continuing to baptize selfish wilfulness with the sacred name of conscientious scruples; contending that the only mode of doing the will of God is to let us have our own way in all respects.

When the appointing power is in the hands of one person, as in many English parishes, he can select a minister to suit himself exactly; but the voluntary system renders frequent compromises in questions of taste a matter of necessity. Dismissing the problems, whether a desirable

clergyman should be tall or short, married or single, gowned or ungowned, we reserve enough material to furnish all covetable controversy, when we leave unsettled his tendency to extreme solemnity or ultra cheerfulness. Leonidas said of Tyrtæus, that he was "an adept in tickling the souls of youth;" and this describes very well the kind of minister that some persons desire, without much regard for his weight of character or his earnestness of purpose. Others prefer a man like Henry Martyn, who reproached himself in his journal for having sat so silent as to say nothing to the coachman about his soul, in the few miles' drive between Martyn's parting with his betrothed and leaving his country for ever! But this is altogether too lugubrious for health of body, mind, or soul. We have heard that a noted physician's manner in a sick-room was so grave and sombre as to be thought more depressing and injurious to his patients than his advice or medicines were serviceable. As much at least might be said of dyspeptic theologians. Commend us rather to the brave one, who, although always feeble, "did not agree with those divines who consider the whole of divinity nothing more than the art of dying."

Many persons are perfectly exorbitant in their demands of length or brevity in prayers and sermons. A few sigh for the days when Barrow's sermon on Charity, before a mayor and aldermen, was three and a half hours long; and when a Scotch divine, who being asked to return thanks after refreshments partaken of by a funeral company, commenced with the fall of Adam, and went on until he wearied every one, and the procession started for the churchyard; so that when good Mr. Jackson said "Amen," and opened his eyes, he was alone, and, upon inquiring, discovered that the procession was fully a mile on its way!

The majority of moderns, on the other hand, are apt to think that Dr. Lowell's ten-minutes' sermons were long enough; and believe, that, if Lord Bacon had been a preacher, Jonson would never have remarked of his oratory, "The fear of every man that heard him was that he should make an end." The correct view of this subject is contained in the statement, that there should be no indecent haste in disposing of topics so dignified as those of the pulpit, but "few souls are saved after the first half-hour."

The other day, we met with this passage in an interesting book: "At Sparta, a spirit of calculating economy entered into the very worship of the gods." We closed the volume, and went to wondering if any historian will ever dare to say a similar thing of Massachusetts. It would not be the greatest falsehood on record. Churches with funds are usually the most laggard in all missionary operations; and sometimes they find it hard to raise the supplementary pittance that is needed. Going without a settled minister, because it is cheaper to hire workmen of God "by the day," is becoming a familiar frugality on the part of those who have charge of the pecuniary interests of Zion. If it is a fact, that there is a society which has just fund enough to support a clergyman, and when the church-roof leaks, or any other repairs need to be made, the incumbent is unsettled, and the saving from "supplies" is made to defray the unusual expenses, then we hope it will be the fate of that people to install for their next pastor the not more than equally mythical gentleman, who, having been engaged to preach, without contracting for a communion-service, added to his bill, "Administering the Lord's Supper, two dollars and fifty cents." This would make a modern instance of the old saw, "The people

were made for the pastor, and the pastor was made for the people."

There is an excessive dread of heresy in some localities. We are ourselves great sticklers for a reasonable amount of orthodoxy; but some laymen are like those members of the Greek Church, who call the Pope of Rome "the first Protestant." The world does move a little in a few directions, and we cannot stop it. Stanley tells us that Peter the Great did not like to be reminded that the city which bears his name was built on low ground. When an attendant showed a mark on a tree by the river-bank, saying, "Up to this point the floods have come," the angry czar said, "Give me a hatchet," and cut down the tree at a blow. We do not believe that this arrested the water, nor that dismissing an honest and reverential pastor ever puts an end to the progress of biblical criticism.

Many societies indulge in a harmful fastidiousness in their judgments of ministers. A Spanish painter, on his deathbed, refused to take the crucifix presented to him by the priest, on account of its bad workmanship; and we hardly blame one in whom the love of the beautiful was a ruling passion, strong in death. But it is the easiest thing in the world to find fault; and the severest critics of others are often the most grossly ignorant men, betraying their ignorance even in their demands for "finish" and "culture." Perhaps it was such an incompetent censor who provoked the remark, "The kingdom of heaven is no more a place for fools than it is for villains." One who is really athirst for the water of life will receive it gratefully, even from a pewter goblet of an unclassical pattern.

A few words on parochial ingratitude, and we will close these rambles among the sheepfolds. We do not complain of short settlements in the cases of young men who bear

the flag of hope, and do not shrink from changes: but we are moved to indignation whenever an old and faithful minister is dismissed, without any adequate provision for comfort in his declining years; for aged slaves and worn-out horses often fare much better. We have read of an island where men who had reached sixty years of age were constrained to drink hemlock or opium; and of another region where "the practice was, when old people lived so long as to be thought troublesome, to give them a farewell feast, and then, having crowned their brows with chaplets, to pitch them over steep cliffs into the sea." Both these stories may be fabulous: but there are too many venerable pastors of Christian churches, who cannot conceal the fact so widely published by an ungrateful people, that their old shepherds resemble a Jewish king, who asked his subjects what he should do to make them quite content; and they replied, "Die."

THE SPIRIT OF ORTHODOXY, AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE STORY OF ONE OF ITS CHAMPIONS.

Two remarkable works of clerical autobiography have recently been published, of which it is fit that notice should be taken in our record, — the "Life and Letters of Theodore Parker," and the "Autobiography and Correspondence of Lyman Beecher." We call the first an autobiography, since the substance and interest of the two goodly octavos is mainly in what Mr. Parker himself has written; and the impression left upon the reader's mind is in no way affected by the very elaborate and ingenious comments interspersed

by the editor. The second work is not a written, but a dictated autobiography, written down by the son of Dr. Beecher, from the familiar conversational narrative of an old man, and illustrated by the reminiscences of other children in the house. Both these autobiographies are instructive and entertaining, — somewhat redundant in matter; though the second as yet is but half completed, and some one hints that even to the fulness of the first a supplement may be added. Upon the life of Mr. Parker, and upon his harsh judgment of Unitarian measures and men, we have nothing to say at this time, except a regret that so many personalities, which were never intended for the public eye by the writer, are allowed to appear in print. We cannot see the necessity of making the personal prejudices of Mr. Parker so conspicuous in the illustration of his spirit.

Upon the other book we have a few words to say. Lyman Beecher was for a long series of years the champion of New-England Orthodoxy, — the foremost man of that confident band of zealots, whose mission it was to extirpate heresy, and to bring back the churches of this region to the strict Calvinistic faith. His heart and soul were in this work. He loved to fight with all forms of what he called "error;" but there was no kind of warfare that he enjoyed so much as warfare with Satan in the Socinian disguise. In the last years of his life, it is said that his feeling toward the Unitarians was softened; but in the volume before us, which brings the narrative to the year 1824 (the forty-ninth year of Dr. Beecher's age), there is no sign of any relenting. The Unitarians are of that numerous class whom he styles "enemies." He has, indeed, a sort of pity for their ignorance. That they are alien from the gospel faith, is the result of their meagre

information concerning it; but they are, nevertheless, "the enemy," who are to be met, conquered, and annihilated. They are to be put down in every way, socially, ecclesiastically, by argument, by management, by denunciation.

This autobiography of Dr. Beecher is valuable as showing the kind of warfare which the Orthodox leaders thought it right to carry on with their Unitarian opponents. The Unitarians were accused of intrigue and underhand operations; yet here we have exhibited the intrigue and management and chicanery which were employed to crush them out. Mr. Cornelius writes to Dr. Beecher an account of that ordination in the Old South Church in 1821; exulting in the trick by which a Unitarian, who had been selected to give the right hand of fellowship, was prevented from delivering it, and describing the cunning way in which the Orthodox forces were marshalled for the battle. Dr. Beecher, in reply, closes his flaming manifesto, in which he has shown how Unitarians, by means of Cambridge, "corrupt" the youth of the Commonwealth, sow tares, graft "heretical churches on Orthodox stumps," coax and threaten and hamper, by urging his friend to "form conspiracies against error, and scatter firebrands in the enemy's camp." "The greater your havoc," says he, "and the return of curses on your head, the more I shall love you, and give thanks to God on your behalf."

Nature made Dr. Beecher a genial, warm-hearted, free-minded man. Calvinism made him intolerant, harsh, and narrow; hindered him from seeing any good out of the circle of his own creed and party, and from doing any justice to the honest convictions of other men. No better instance can be given of the influence of a stern and unlovely faith in spoiling a soul of its native nobleness.

In no instance that we remember is the divorce of religious zeal from the religious sentiment more complete. In all these letters, there is scarcely any thing to show the experience of religious emotion, or any appreciation of the substance of faith. When this father writes to his sons, he has only the dialect of revivals, and the poor logic which bewilders and makes wretched. He can only force upon them that torment of the soul which is the preliminary to an acceptance of the gospel scheme. The great purpose of this eminent preacher, as we read it here, seems to have been to make converts more than to make Christians; to multiply the numbers of those who are plucked as brands from the burning, — not to improve the style of piety, and diffuse spiritual light. In his view, the life of the Church is all in its revivals; and there is hardly any thing else connected with religious action which excites his enthusiasm, unless it be controversy. He does not object, indeed, to administer discipline, and is as ready on occasion to cast out of the Church as to call into it. He varies his labor in revivals by "managing cases in ecclesiastical councils," of which he had some dozen or fifteen while he was in Litchfield. "Never succeeded better anywhere than in the ecclesiastical courts. If I had staid in Connecticut, I should have been occupied in such business half my time."

Like many Calvinistic ministers, Dr. Beecher found it hard to bring the doctrines of grace home to his own household. The tough members of that numerous family held out stoutly against his logic, and against the excitement which bore their companions away. In 1819, when he has already five children old enough to reflect, and have a will of their own, his heart sinks within him at the thought, that, while he is so successful in bringing the sons and

daughters of others to Christ, "every one of my own dear children are without God in the world, and without Christ, and without hope." He has no complaint to make of their conduct. They are "moral," they are healthy, they are happy, they are faithful in their duties, and well enough for this world; but not one of them is prepared to die. He sees in his numerous family a "broad mark for the arrows of Death." How could he bear it, if one of them should be "cut down suddenly," and he should be called to "stand in despair" by the dying bed of a child lost for ever, because without any Orthodox hope? He was spared that pain in the case of his adult children. One by one, though they held back long, and fought hard against the Spirit, they were vanquished, their rebellious hearts were subdued, and they were brought into the elect company. The eldest daughter of the house, strong-minded, logical, independent, was the hardest subject. The correspondence of Dr. Beecher with his daughter is curious, as showing what toils and dilemmas come to souls entangled in this web of Orthodoxy. Some of the admissions here are edifying. "Your Orthodox education, true in itself, may, through the effect of a depraved heart, have produced erroneous impressions, to the cutting-off too much the motives to attend to the means of grace; and, in this state, that which in itself is not true, and would be pernicious to a mind less indoctrinated, may, as it hits your mind, be about the real truth, and be of use." We are glad, however, to find that no fears were expressed for the condition and fate of the son who died in infancy.

The letters and contributions of the children of the house, especially of Mrs. Stowe, in this volume, give us a lifelike and charming picture of the homes of the family in East Hampton and in Litchfield, and show us the secret

of Dr. Beecher's extraordinary influence. This was not in his large scholarship or his large insight, or in any striking originality of thought, but in his executive ability, his energy, his indomitable will, his aggressiveness, and his self-confidence. He was born to rule men. His mistake was in supposing that the force of his own strong character, compelling souls to submission, was the influence of the Holy Spirit, and the persuasion of his scheme of doctrine. The Calvinism of this interesting book throws over it a perpetual shadow; and readers of the Liberal faith will rejoice that they and their children are not exposed to such an ordeal; that they are not required by this stern system to make their lives unhappy, and to turn light into darkness. As we do not believe that the reiterated statements, in Mr. Parker's life, of his creed concerning God and man, will win many converts to that view; so still more are we sure that no free reader will be moved to sympathy by the exhibition of the influence of an Orthodox faith upon the heart and character, as it is shown in the autobiography of Dr. Beecher.

MR. WEISS AND "CANDIDATES."

In the last number of the "Monthly Journal," in a notice of the "Life of Theodore Parker," occurred this sentence: —

"Mr. Weiss has been blamed, and we think justly, for giving his own personal feelings and opinions, in regard to gentlemen and events near by, too much prominence. The public who read this biography, for example, do not care to know that Mr. Weiss entertains sentiments of contempt for young ministers who are trying to find an opportunity of usefulness in their chosen profession."

The passage referred to here occurs in volume one, at the beginning of chapter five, and stands thus: —

"But an itinerant vendor of the gospel, commonly called a candidate, is not a beautiful or heroic personage. Men hang his presageful heart on the hooks of their parochial steelyards, and narrowly scrutinize the figures. He pockets the presage, and it makes no difference in the weight."

In a friendly note received from Mr. Weiss, dated April 11, he says, having disclaimed, in a previous note, any such feeling of contempt for young ministers engaged as candidates, —

If you had ever been a candidate, you would have appreciated the sad humor of that passage, so entirely free from every thing like contempt; unless, perhaps, there be a little for the cold-bloodedness of committees and criticising congregations.

I have been a candidate, and know that there was a sense in which I was not a beautiful or heroic personage. Most ministers have been candidates. I merely attempt to remember with humor the undesirableness of that preliminary state of clergymen.

Your criticism makes it appear that I had written something which showed my contempt for a man who had to be a candidate. I think the connection in which the above passage stands should lift that criticism: otherwise, in my heart I was despising Theodore Parker for being a candidate.

No. I know too well what it is for a young preacher to have a presageful heart that is coldly weighed and discussed. But I do not feel contempt for Theodore Parker's, nor for my own, nor for any man's, term of candidature. It has grim features, and trivial ones, which may be treated lightly, but not contemptuously. And you have totally misconceived the tone of my sentences, and then generalized it beyond its breadth. But perhaps the trouble is in my unfortunate style, which so plagues the critics.

Very sincerely yours, JOHN WEISS.

Desirous of doing justice to our friend, we asked leave of him to print this note, to which he assented; and we accordingly give it to our readers with the necessary introduction. And we have only to add our own gratification at finding that we mistook his feeling, as indicated in the above passage. We did not intend to give his sentence too large a significance. We did not believe that our brother felt contempt for any particular candidate: he is too generous and noble for that. But a sneer launched at candidates in the abstract might hit and pain some concrete young man just entering his profession, and needing precisely then all kindness and sympathy. We felt displeased at reading what seemed to us an uncalled-for sarcasm on the situation. We are glad to find that none such was intended.

We do not, however, ourselves believe that parishes are usually disposed to receive candidates unkindly. Of course, there are hard, unsentimental, prosaic men and women in all parishes; and they are just as likely to be on the committee as any others. But the purpose and desire of a parish, in listening to a candidate, is to find him a man able to make them a good minister. Why else do they hear him? Putting it on the lowest ground, — that of a proposed bargain, — those who go to look at a house or farm, with the intention of making a purchase, commonly go with an expectation of finding it a good one, and not merely in order to criticise it.

We do not think the situation of a "candidate" to be necessarily unheroic or ugly. It depends on his own spirit and purpose. If he goes with a self-conscious feeling that he is on exhibition, that feeling will appear; but if he goes — as we hope candidates usually go — desiring to find the place where he can do most good, and the peo-

ple to whom he can be most useful, such a purpose will dignify both the situation and himself.

Is there not something deeply touching in the position of Theodore Parker himself, as here described, as he was in this morning-hour of generous expectation, full of a manly religious purpose, going out to find the field where he is to bear the burden and heat of the day, and do the work to which he is called? The fact that the eyes of the listening parish are not unsealed to perceive the future which stands before them, or to look into his "presageful" heart, does not diminish the profound interest which attaches to that hour of his life.

We cannot but think that others beside ourselves may have mistaken Mr. Weiss's idea; and we therefore are not sorry to have given him this opportunity for defining his meaning more clearly.

REASON FOR SPEAKING.

The true reason for speaking is that which Paul gave: "We also believe, and therefore speak;" that is, the true reason for speaking is, that we first have something to say. It is true of individuals, and about common things: why not of churches, and about religious things? Yet, in religious things, we reverse the maxim. We do not speak because we have believed, but speak that we may believe. "We also speak, and hope therefore to believe." We profess what we think we ought to believe. We think, by professing it, we shall make ourselves believe it. We do like Job's friends, — we tell lies for God, and speak words of wind concerning him. Many persons, who would be shocked at a formal rejection of their creed, are not at all shocked by their members not really knowing or caring about it. If they *profess* the right doctrine, all is right.

LETTER TO THE SAN FRANCISCO SOCIETY.

[In accordance with a vote of the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association, adopted March 14, the following letter was sent to the Unitarian Society in San Francisco.]

Christian Friends, — Although personally strangers to you, we are moved by a common grief to express our deep sympathy with you in the death of your late pastor, the Rev. Thomas Starr King.

Your loss is our loss. Your minister was our minister. Though holding no official connection with this Association, he was still our missionary, and was doing our work as effectually as if his sole charge and aim had been to represent and plead our cause among you. The munificent contribution to our funds received from you last spring through his instrumentality (the announcement of which was hailed with so much enthusiasm at our annual festival) attests his interest in our affairs, and the zeal and success with which he urged our claims among the many that tasked his infinite good-will.

But more effectually far than by any pecuniary aid which his instrumentality brought to our treasury, he served us, as he served you, by his character and life; exhibiting in his own person the fairest illustration of that form of Christianity which we are set to defend and promulgate; liberal in doctrine, without laxity of faith, and without self-indulgence; free from the yoke of dogmatism, but bound by the law of love; and placing the accent of the Spirit on the fruits of the Spirit, not on points of belief.

Without party spirit or sectarian bias, your minister was the best defender of our faith, because its best repre-

sentative. The life of his word, and the word of his life, were better than all tracts. When he went from us to San Francisco, he needed not, "as some others, epistles of commendation to you;" for even there his name was commendation enough. And, when arrived and established among you, he needed no word "of commendation from you;" for you were his "epistle written in our hearts, and known and read of all men." A religious society, relieved from an onerous debt, provided with a sumptuous church-edifice, and exercising a various and extensive charity, were proof sufficient that our trust in his going, and your trust in his coming, were not misplaced.

We will not speak of the services he rendered to your State and to the nation by his patriotic efforts; except to say, that they, too, are "written in our hearts, and known and read of all men."

Nor will we mingle with our condolence, nor will you mingle with your lament, a word of complaint for the briefness of his career, and the narrow limits of his mortal life; for we feel that the meaning of a life cannot be measured by its duration, nor the worth of a work by the number of years into which the All-wise may see fit to divide it. Our brother had lived long enough to accomplish that end for which the Son of man declared that he had come into the world; this, namely, "to bear witness of the truth." A clear, brave, full testimony was his, — pervading all the regions of our land, and penetrating all our hearts. We do not see how added years could have added any thing to its weight: rather his early death will give it point, and send it more deeply home.

The completeness of his life compensates and consoles us for what, humanly speaking, we term his untimely end. Such lives are never lived in vain; such men never die.

Even for this earthly world, they never die. They may seem to depart with the vanishing form; but they come again, and abide with their own, — invisible comforters and guides.

Your minister will be your minister still. With precious and imperishable memories, with the virtue that went out of him while he sojourned among you, with the image of himself which he has stamped on your community, with treasured words of counsel and of cheer, with his deathless example, he will yet minister to you and to us all.

Friends, our prayer for you is, that you may enter richly into his labors, and be built up in the spirit of his life. What he sowed unsparingly, may you reap abundantly! So shall your lives be his best monument. Farewell!

Your partners in faith and affliction,

(Signed) FRED. H. HEDGE,
JAS. FREEMAN CLARKE,
WARREN SAWYER,
For the Executive Committee of the A.U.A.

BOSTON, March 19, 1864.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Since our last Notice.

Studies of Religious History and Criticism. By M. ERNEST RENAN, member of the Institute of France, and author of "The Life of Jesus." Authorized translation from the original French, by Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, Pastor of the Third Unitarian Church in New York; with a Biographical Introduction. New York: Carleton, publisher, 413, Broadway. 1864. (8vo, pp. 394.)

A Youth's History of the Rebellion, from the Bombardment of Fort Sumter to the Capture of Roanoke Island. By WILLIAM M. THAYER, author of the "Pioneer Boy," &c. Fifth thousand. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co., 245, Washington Street. 1864.

Mr. Thayer's "History of the Rebellion" is written with spirit and earnestness. It shows care in its compilation. The selection of topics and facts seems to us judicious; and the tone is that of justice and freedom. It is well printed, with good illustrations; and deserves the popularity which it seems to have found.

Mr. Frothingham's translation of Renan's "Essays" is a most valuable and interesting contribution to theological and general literature. Some of the essays we have read before in the original; and, as far as we can judge, the translation is idiomatic and good. We have not had time to make a careful examination of the book; but we see that it will amply repay the most careful study. It is one of the books which you like and benefit by, whether you agree with the author or differ from him. And here let us say a word of Renan as thinker and writer.

M. Ernest Renan is not a sceptical writer; but, on the contrary, one who writes mainly as a seeker. Whether he believes or not, whether he finds or not, his spirit is that of one who is struggling to find and to believe. The love of positive truth fills his essays. He has none of that spirit which theologians call "pride of opinion," when directed against their own views, and of which they exhibit so much in maintaining them. He is a critic, but does not rest in criticism. We find a multitude of statements in this book, as in his "Life of Jesus," to question and deny; but we find nothing which offends us by wilfulness, by asperity, by sophistry: all is open, candid, sincere. Such books always advance the cause of truth; and M. Renan is one of those writers of whom the Master would surely say, "Forbid him not: he who is not against us is with us." His works are not the last word on any points which he discusses, nor do they claim to be; but they open new fields, suggest new points of view, offer us the aid of large stores of knowledge, and will certainly help us toward the final solution.

How different, for example, is his treatment of miracles from that of Strauss! Instead of confusing us by a multitude of subtle and intricate objections, — by a lawyer-like polemic against each separate miracle, — M. Renan takes the question up at once to the higher court, and candidly admits that the real objection is to any conceivable miracle. Now, this is a question

which can be discussed, and perhaps settled; and, when it is, Strauss's book becomes either unnecessary, or falls to the ground by its own weight. If miracles are impossible, we do not need Strauss to refute them in detail; but if these mysterious events in the life of Jesus belong to an unexplored region of facts and laws, where mechanical science gives way to a law of vital forces, then how insignificant become the tiresome criticisms upon special miracles! The question which M. Renan posits is the true one. Is a miracle, in itself, credible or incredible? When that is answered, all is settled. M. Renan thinks, that, if a miracle should be established as a fact by the examination of a scientific commission, he would believe it. He therefore thinks the miraculous credible, but thus far unproved. Here we can join issue with him on an intelligible basis of argument.

Every essay in this volume is interesting and valuable; every one opens a new field of inquiry. We find ourselves differing from the author at every point as regards each of his opinions, but learning much from him at every step. We give our hearty thanks to the translator and to the publisher of this volume. No one who buys it on our recommendation will be disappointed.

Honor; or, The Slave-dealer's Daughter. By STEPHEN G. BULFINCH. Boston: William V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street. 1864.

This story, which is written by our friend, Rev. Mr. Bulfinch, a resident of the South for many years, has the fidelity, in its descriptions of scenery and society, which we might expect from its gifted author. It is an interesting tale, throwing light on the interior of the slave-system, and exposing its evils, while trying to do justice to many persons at the South who are better than their surroundings. The slave-dealer Witham, and the Southern judges and colonels, are very much as we have seen them ourselves. The slave-system is described without any Southside, Nehemiah Adams's rose-color; but the slaveholders are spoken of as they are, some good, many coarse and brutal. We think the book a very interesting and good story.

MEETINGS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

April 11, 1864. — Present, Messrs. Stebbins, Kidder, Clarke, Brigham, Newell, Barrett, Ware, Norton, Sawyer, and Fox.

The Committee on New-England Correspondence reported in favor of granting $50 each to the societies in Westford, Mass., and Lancaster, N.H., in response to their applications for aid; and the report was adopted.

They also presented a letter asking an appropriation to aid in establishing a Unitarian society in Holton, Me.; but it was deemed best to defer action on the subject until the next meeting, to give the Committee time to obtain, by correspondence, further information.

The Committee on Western Correspondence reported concerning a movement for the formation of a Unitarian society in Janesville, Wis.; which seemed likely to prove a success, if the Association could comply with the request made, and send the right minister to take charge of the society for a few months. The Committee were authorized to select a man suitable for the work, and send him to Janesville for three months; any expense which he should incur beyond what could be met by the money collected there to be paid by the Association.

The Committee on Publications reported, that they had examined and approved two new tracts for the soldiers, by Rev. John F. W. Ware, entitled "The Reconnoissance," and "The Reveille;" and they were authorized to publish them as Nos. 17 and 18 of the "Army Series," — 10,000 copies of each.

They also reported in favor of appropriating $25 to aid in the circulation of "The Soldiers' Journal," — a paper published at the Rendezvous of Distribution, Alexandria, Va.; and the report was adopted.

The Committee on the Supply of Pulpits reported, that they had met the Committee of the Ministerial Union, as desired by them; had explained to them the work of the Association in the field they were interested in; and read

letters which showed the Board to be already acquainted with facts to which their attention had been called, being hindered in their action only for want of *means* and *men:* but that no new methods by which the efficiency of the Association could at this time be increased were suggested for adoption.

The Committee on Army Missions reported, that Mr. Mellen had been sent again to the Rendezvous of Distribution, at Alexandria, where, as they learned from the chaplain, Rev. William J. Potter, he was making himself exceedingly useful. They hoped the means of the Association would allow of his being kept at work there permanently.

They further reported concerning the urgent need of a missionary at Annapolis, Md., where the Ninth Army Corps were now collecting; and, in compliance with their request, they were authorized to employ a suitable person to go to Annapolis, and labor there among the soldiers until the departure of the corps.

The Committee on the Annual Meeting submitted a report, which was adopted; and it was voted to refer all other matters connected with the meeting to them, with full powers.

The President announced, that, in accordance with the vote of the Association at the last annual meeting, he had appointed Messrs. Charles H. Burrage and Thomas Gaffield auditors of the Treasurer's accounts for the present year.

After the transaction of other business, the Board adjourned to Monday, May 9.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE Annual Meeting of the American Unitarian Association will be held at the Arlington-street Church, Boston, on Tuesday, May 24.

The Association will meet in the vestry at nine o'clock, A.M., for the election of officers and the transaction of other business. All members of the Association are entitled to take part in this meeting; and the By-laws provide, that "an annual subscription of one dollar shall constitute a person a member, so long as such subscription be paid; and a subscription of thirty dollars shall constitute a person a member for life." To make any one an annual member, however, the dollar must be paid expressly for that purpose, either directly to the Association, or through some regularly organized auxiliary society.

The public meeting will take place in the church at ten o'clock, when the Annual Report of the Executive Committee will be read; after which, there will be addresses, by able speakers, on subjects relating to the work of the Association. All persons interested are cordially invited to attend.

INTELLIGENCE.

Rev. WILLIAM A. FULLER has resigned the charge of the society in South Scituate, Mass.

Rev. SILAS FARRINGTON, of East Bridgewater, Mass., has received a leave of absence from his society for three months, to enable him to comply with the request of the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association, and visit Janesville, Wis., to preach to a new society in that place.

Mr. WILLIAM G. NOWELL was ordained as pastor of the society in Rockford, Ill., on Thursday, April 14. The hymns were read by Rev. Frederic M. Holland, of Marietta, O.; Rev. D. H. Clarke, of Hartford, Wis., offered the opening prayer, and read selections from the Scriptures; the sermon was preached by Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Carlton A. Staples, of Milwaukee, Wis., offered the prayer of ordination; Rev. Martin W. Willis, of Quincy, Ill., gave the charge; Rev. S. B. Flagg, of Kalamazoo, Mich., the right hand of fellowship; and Rev. A. G. Hibbard, of Detroit, Mich., the address to the people.

Rev. J. R. LAVELLE (formerly connected with the Universalists) was installed as pastor of the Unitarian Society in Toronto, C.W., on Sunday, April 3. The sermon was preached by Rev. Prof. Hincks of the University of Upper Canada.

Rev. CALEB DAVIS BRADLEE was installed as pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Boston, on Wednesday evening, April 6; the exercises taking place in the Church of the Unity. The order of services was as follows: Voluntary; anthem; invocation, by Rev. Frederic W. Holland of North Cambridge; reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. William P. Tilden of Boston; original hymn; sermon, by Rev. George Putnam, D.D., of Roxbury; prayer of installation, by Rev. James Walker, D.D., of Cambridge; charge, by Rev. Samuel Barrett, D.D., of Roxbury; right hand of fellowship, by Rev. George H. Hepworth of Boston; address to the people, by Rev. Alfred P. Putnam of Roxbury; concluding prayer, by Rev. A. P. Putnam (in place of Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D.D., who was unable to be present on account of sickness); anthem; benediction, by the pastor.

Rev. ELI FAY was installed as pastor of the society in Woburn, Mass., on Thursday, April 14. The order of services was as follows: Voluntary; anthem; invocation, by Rev. Edward C. Towne of Medford; reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Samuel A. Smith of West Cambridge; hymn; sermon, by Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D.D., of Cambridge; prayer of installation, by Rev. William P. Tilden of Boston; charge, by

Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D., of Cambridge; original hymn; right hand of fellowship, by Rev. Edward J. Young of Newton; address to the people, by Rev. Thomas J. Mumford of Dorchester; concluding prayer, by Rev. James Sallaway of Billerica; anthem; benediction, by the pastor.

Rev. JOHN B. GREEN has resigned the charge of the society in Bernardston, Mass.

Rev. ALBERT B. VORSE, of Sandwich, has accepted a call from the society in Littleton, Mass.

Mr. FRANCIS E. ABBOT, a graduate of the Meadville Theological School in the last class, has received a call from the society in Clinton, Mass.

Rev. WILLIAM L. JENKINS has resigned the charge of the society in Lawrence, Mass.

Rev. LEICESTER A. SAWYER has accepted an invitation to take charge of the society in South Hingham, Mass., for eight months.

Rev. SOLON W. BUSH has resigned the charge of the society in Medfield, Mass.

Rev. WILLIAM H. SAVARY has resigned the charge of the society at West Newton, Mass.

Rev. JEFFERSON MYERS FOX, of Trenton, N.Y., has received a call from the society in Fitzwilliam, N.H.

Rev. FREDERIC MAY HOLLAND has accepted an invitation to take charge of the society in Marietta, O.

Rev. FREDERIC H. HEDGE, D.D., has been invited by the Senior Class of the Cambridge Divinity School to preach their graduation sermon.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

1864.			
March 24.	From	W. D., for Army Fund	$1.00
„ 26.	„	First Society, Baltimore, Md., for Monthly Journals, additional	2.00
„ 28.	„	Society in Petersham, for Monthly Journals	8.00
„ 29.	„	„ Burlington, Vt., as a donation	66.42
„ 31.	„	„ „ Marietta, O., for Monthly Journals,	5.00
„ „	„	subscribers to "Monthly Journal" in Hallowell, Me.	5.00

April	1.	From	First Parish, Hingham, for Monthly Journals.	$10.00
„	„	„	Society in Belmont, as a donation, additional.	1.00
„	4.	„	First Unitarian Society, Cincinnati, O., as a donation $100.00	
			For Monthly Journals 72.00	
				172.00
„	5.	„	Miss L. E. Penhallow, to complete her life-membership	5.00
„	„	„	Rev. H. A. Reid, to make himself an annual member	1.00
„	6.	„	Rev. T. B. Forbush, to make himself an annual member	1.00
„	8.	„	Philemon Putnam, as a donation	5.00
„	„	„	Rev. Edward J. Young's Society, Newton, for Monthly Journals	80.00
„	9.	„	subscribers to "Monthly Journal" in Providence, R.I., through Rev. Dr. Hall . . .	60.00
„	„	„	Society in Groton, for Monthly Journals, additional	1.00
„	11.	„	Rev. F. A. Farley, D.D., Trustee, as income of Graham Fund	87.50
„	„	„	Rev. W. T. Clarke, to make himself an annual member	1.00
„	12.	„	Thompson Baxter and A. R. Cushman, to make themselves annual members . . .	2.00
„	13.	„	First Parish, Portland, Me., for Monthly Journals	15.00
„	15.	„	M. De Lange, as a donation	100.00
„	„	„	an old lady, as a donation	50.00
„	„	„	Rev. James T. Hewes, to make himself an annual member	1.00
„	16.	„	Rev. Augustus Woodbury's Society, Providence, R.I., as a donation	305.00
„	18.	„	Society in Littleton, for Monthly Journals. .	16.00
„	„	„	Everett Clapp, for Monthly Journals. . . .	10.00
„	„	„	Society in Exeter, N.H., for Monthly Journals, additional	4.00
„	19.	„	Rev. D. N. Sheldon, D.D., to make himself an annual member	1.00
„	„	„	Thomas Phillips, as a donation.	1.00
„	20.	„	Rev. Dr. Hedge's Society, Brookline, as a donation	189.62
„	21.	„	Society in Trenton, N.Y., as a donation. . .	10.00
„	„	„	„ „ Fall River, as a donation	31.30
„	22.	„	Rev. F. A. Farley, D.D., Trustee, as income of Graham Fund.	221.20
„	23.	„	Arlington-street Society, Boston, as annual subscription	385.00
„	„	„	Mrs. Nahum Ward, Marietta, O., to make herself a life-member	30.00
„	25.	„	Society in Milton, as a donation	53.50
„	„	„	Hollis-street Society, Boston, as a donation .	237.65
„	„	„	Society in Dedham, as a donation	36.00
„	26.	„	First Unitarian Society, Brooklyn, N.Y., as a donation	165.38